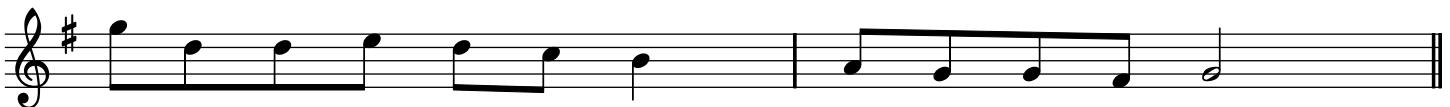




Wee Wil - lie Win - kie runs thru the town, Up - stairs and down-stairs



in his nightgown; Rapping at the win - dow, Cry-ing thru the lock:— Are



all the chil - dren in their beds? Now 'tis eight o' - clock.